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MY FIRST SKATE.

BY HANK CRONIN.

The following poem reads capitally, and now that everything is on skates, it is decidedly apropos:

The ponds were robed in winter's dress,
Of skating on the ice there was no lacking;
And every day the papers—more or less—
The ice were cracking.

And beautiful it was, there's no mistake,
To see the people—spite of all the grumblers—
Skimming like pigeons o'er the glassy lake,
Glossy with tumblers.

Among the skates, there gliding swift along,
Were Flounders and some other kinds of odd fish,
From poorest minnow up to triton strong,
Or the proud codfish.

Thousands I saw, the masculine and fair,
Some of them blooming like a bed of roses;
Some genuine Nova Scotians were there,
With their "blue noses."

Some were wrapped in muffs, some on the arms
Of living miffs did lean, t'scap the pushing;
While others were—doubtless to shun all harm—
Into arms rushing.

Some, in their frolic seemed to like the thought—
Of being drawn by cakes, the chairs while keeping,
Forget what nice glimpses might be caught
Of cakes by peeping.

'Twas fun to see some giddy little dear
Spin, like toe-to-tum, on her skates so steady,
But from such turning what have heads to fear
If turned already?

I longed th' exciting joy for once to feel,
But the first taste of skating don't assure you;
A gimpet running slap into your heel
Begins to bore you.

And then those horrid straps so plagued my corn,
That my eyes wept as if I smelt an onion;
And—in my "progress"—I was a forlorn
Pilgrim of bunion.

I understand accounts and, for repute
Of balancing books are in good standing;
But balancing myself on skates don't suit
My understanding.

When I began, I wished the bracing air
Would brace me up, to keep my limbs from quaking;
I soon found that a screw was loose somewhere,
My pins were shaking.

Hipless I stood; not knowing what to do—
The sancy boys my pitous plight deriding—
Forward I couldn't, backward wouldn't go;
I hate backslidin'.

My legs—now close, now sprawling out quite wide—
Like compasses kept opening and shutting;
"He cuts a pretty figure!" people cried;
'Twas very cutting!

Just then there came, flying along pell-mell,
Some fellow bang against me—such a boun'fer!
My skid somehow mis placed and down I fell,
Flat as a flower.

Such an "iced punch" I never before did taste,
As that when then my cranium invaded;
Nor such a "smash" as—right up to the waist—
In mud I waded.

Philosophy—at times—it's comfort brings,
But who can manage in a pond, I wonder.
Life's ups and downs and slippery times and things
Too coldly ponder?

I called for help as loud as I could shout,
And soon came running, men and women after;
Though not too buoyant, some boys pulled me out;
Mid roars of laughter.

Skating henceforth may slide—I've made my mark!
To call it fun is more than I can suck in;
All I know is: I went out for a lark,
And got a duck-in'.

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR,

PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Revengeful Virgin, The Designing Woman, AND OTHER INQUISITIVE CHARACTERS

A B C

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GAMBLING HOUSE.

"No trace as yet?" inquired Cashton of Harry, as the latter detailed to him the account of an unsuccessful search for his missing property.

"Not a clue," responded Harry. "I fear I never shall hear of them. If I had the locket they might keep all besides," he cried.

"Then the locket was valuable?" inquired Cashton.

"Priceless—for it contained my mother's portrait," said the young man, sadly.

For a moment Cashton remained silent, as if absorbed in thought; then he suddenly cried in a tone of assumed gaiety—"Well, well, Harry, you must bear it like a philosopher. To-night we'll see a new phase of our city life, and we'll tempt the old lady at the wheel, for we'll pass our time in one of our crack hells. Are you agreed?"

"As you please," responded Harry. "I am willing to do anything."

"To-day," thought Cashton, "he drew his balance from the bank; to-night I must finger a portion of it."

Did he? We shall see. All that afternoon and a share of the evening did the two pass in visiting the many different places that line Broadway, and about ten o'clock they started on their proposed visit to a gambling saloon.

By abler—far abler pens than mine—have these quick-sands of destruction been oft-times described, so I'll not pause to give that minute pen picture of the establishment that may be expected, but merely dwell upon its general features.

The hell was situated on the first floor, or, as we might term it, a half basement of a fine brown stone building on Broadway (the building, by-the-way, belonged to a well-known officer of the law, whose duty it is to suppress such places, but he received a heavy rent.) The floor was divided into two apartments—the front one only opening on the hall—the back and main one facing directly, and by a small door communicating with a large yard, in which stood an immense cistern.

The front room was occupied as a supper-room, in which "spreads" were nightly provided, of which the members of the "Union Club" would not have been ashamed to partake.

The back room was furnished with a long table, covered with a green baize cloth, at one end of which stood a richly-cushioned arm chair, while round the sides were gathered some half a dozen smaller ones.

A brilliant chandelier, shaded by glass globes, hung directly over the centre of the table, and around this was gathered a group of men, deeply interested in conversation. "This is this pigeon very fat, Tray?" asked one of them of Mr. Tray, whom we have met before.

"No, Livingston, but worth the picking, though," answered Mr. Tray. "Cashton tells me has drawn some two thousand dollars to day."

"Who is the bird?" inquired a third one.

"His name is Lorromer," replied Tray.

"Then," interposed Tom Powers, another old acquaintance, "you ought to let him alone, for he bids fair to become an accomplished sport."

"All well enough," chimed in Livingston, "but he must pay for his initiation."

"True, true," echoed several voices in the crowd.

"I say, Hovey," said Powers to the one who had inquired Harry's name, "how did you and the old 'un do on the Island?"

"Middling; picked up a flat—dropped him for a sharp-skinned couple of old toads, though," replied Hovey, who was scarcely twenty years of age.

"Good place to shove the queer, that, ain't it?" said a little fellow named Adams.

"No—old bullion country—take no rags but Long Island and Bank," answered Hovey.

"Hell of a place for horses, though," said Adams.

"Yes, great on them. Can't rope 'em on a race, though; they know the prints."

"Couldn't we get up something between our little bay and some of the flyers?" asked Adams.

"Might—but we might get scotched."

"Speakin' of queer," interposed Livingston, "who's getting it up now? The last on the New Jersey were tight papers; couldn't shove 'em on brag."

"Dr. Flack's doing the pictures," responded Adams; "the Pres. himself's going to do the signatures."

At this moment they were interrupted by the appearance of another young man in their midst.

"Boys," said he, "fine plucking to-night."

"How?" "When?" "Who?" ejaculated several of the party.

"Col. Alden, of South Carolina, stops at the Metropolitan, wears a pin worth five thousand dollars, lots of money; he here at midnight," answered the new-comer.

"Who's roped him?" was the next inquiry.

"Who? who could rope him but Frank Fairman?" emphatically answered the young man.

"Well, Cook," asked Mr. Tray; "do you think he'll bleed?"

"Sure of it—don't care a d—n for money—bets on anything," replied Cook.

"Good; but who have we here? The Colonel; boys, no recognition," said Mr. Tray, in a low voice, as our two friends, Colonel Cashton and Harry entered through the folding doors.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Mr. Tray, stepping forward. "Colonel, your most obedient, Mr. Lorromer, your servant, sir. You see, gentlemen, play has not commenced yet; suffer me to introduce you, gentlemen. My friends, Mr. Cashton and Mr. Lorromer."

Instantly were the two gentlemen surrounded by their apparently new acquaintances, for, in reality, Cashton was intimate with all of them, as the reader's sagacity has probably discovered.

"Come, gentlemen," said Mr. Tray, in that easy, off-hand way that became him so well, "come, some refreshments await us in the next room. We will cement our friendship by a glass of wine."

"Or," interposed Cook, "in the words of Bulwer, in the glorious juice of Epernay, we'll sign the bond."

"I'm afraid 'twould be washed out if Adams was near it," observed Tom Powers.

"More power to ye—I believe ye," rejoined Adams, "for I love my cruskine as well as any one."

"There's miracles yet," cried Powers, "for he speaks the truth. Devil doubt ye, Adams, I've no doubt that before ye crossed, ye were at many a rook-nest."

"Mona sin diacon—hear the man—and I as good a citizen as John Smith," ejaculated Adams.

It was not long ere Harry had made himself agreeable to all of them, and they each felt for him a warm personal regard.

A splendid supper, comprising all the choicest delicacies, was spread before them, and never were such feats of trencher work done. Wines came with fruit, and, filling a tumbler nearly to the brim with glorious, crusty old Port, Mr. Tray commanded attention by saying, "Fill, gentlemen all; bumpers; I offer as a pledge, the new acquaintances; long may they live."

A universal expression of assent flew around the table, and the health was drank with all the honors—that is, every individual member of the company inverted the glass on the table, to show that he had not shirked.

Cigars, rich, finely flavored cigars, were then produced, and soon a cloud of smoke, fragrant as incense, ascended.

"And now, gentlemen," said Mr. Tray, "to the business of the evening."

"Pardon me," cried Col. Cashton, "but Mr. Adams has just begun a story I would like to hear through—but the rest of you can—"

"No, no," interposed Cook, "we'll wait for the story; we must all hear it."

"Yes, yes, Adams' story. Adams' story," was the general murmur throughout the room.

The writer was informed by a confidante in confinement, that the President of one of our country banks frequently signed bogus bills.

Grukskin—the German for liquor.

"Gentlemen," said Adams, "the story is scarcely worth the telling."

"Go on," cried Powers, "was there ever an Irishman that wasn't modest?"

"Badda hursl, ye devil," cried Adams, "by the toe of the Pope, but ye're always interruptin' wi' your d—d balderdash."

"The story, the story!" cried several.

"Well, don't be makin' such a ruckshin' about it, and ye'll have it. Well, it's about five years ago, or more, perhaps, when I was travellin' like a gentleman through the Southern States of this blessed country, when I stopped at the city of Richmond, in the State of Virginia. It was about twelve o'clock, on a foine cool day. Well, there was the domdest lot o' wagons and coaches of all kinds a leavin' the town that I ever see, and I've bin to the devil's up? and I axed the landlord of the hotel wherein I stopped. 'It's the race,' says he. 'A fot?' says I. 'A race,' says he; and wi' that I makes for my trunk, and I gets out a pack o' cards. As I was leavin' my room, I thought I heard voices, and I stopped.

"If you do this, Jim, I'll buy you, and give you your freedom papers," said somebody.

"All right, mas'r; golly, won't old massa be mad, said some one, who I knew in minute was a nager.

"Well, Jim, mind and keep close."

"Golly, massa, close as a plug tobacco."

And with that the door opened, and out steps a genteelly dressed man, and a little nager that I knew from his clothes was a jockey. I steps down stairs quite private-like, and I axes the landlord who that gentleman in black might be. "Colonel Rivers," says he; "he owns one of the horses that runs to day." "Is it a good horse?" says I. "There's but one can bathe him," says he. "All right," says I, and wid that off I starts with the devil's documents for the coarse. I had been travellin', as I tell ye, an' I had but little of the naeful, only a couple o' hundred dollars."

Whin I git to the coarse, devil a chance had I to exercise me skill wi' cards, for there was so many a man, ye black devil; if ye howld your horse back, I'll shoot ye," says the old feller, an' he walks off. Ye should have seen the nager's face. Oh! murther! it was awful. Ye can imagine I was in the devil's own hurry to hedge my money, which I did. Prisintly the drabate, and the horses come up, an' I see that Rivers was lookin' very smilin', and the old man had his hand in his breast, and was a lookin' sharp at each other. I was standin' close by the darkey, and the old gentleman was, too. Mr. Rivers prisenly wint to git a drop of the crather, and the old gentleman steps up to the nager quiet like, an' he pulls out a small pistol, an' he says:

"Jim, ye imp, do you see that?"

"Yes, mas'r," says the nager, makin' his eyes big.

"Well, that's got three slugs in it. Now mark me, ye black devil; if ye howld your horse back, I'll shoot ye," says the old feller, an' he walks off. Ye should have seen the nager's face. Oh! murther! it was awful. Ye can imagine I was in the devil's own hurry to hedge my money, which I did. Prisintly the drabate, and the horses were scared, that's sartain, and whin the horses started he looked mighty uneasy. To cut short, I'll tell ye, that the black won the race, and Misster Rivers, the sharper, was done to the tune of some five thousand dollars. And that's me story; and Misster Tray, give me a glass of water with a sketch of spirits thro' it."

"Moral!" said Powers; "never trust a nigger."

It was not long after this when play commenced. Mr. Tray assumed his seat in the great chair as banker, and laid upon the table a small, square, brass box, well known as the faro box.

It is needless for us to attempt to describe this well-known game. Suffice it to say that on the conclusion of the first deal our friend Harry was some hundreds ahead, while Cashton was apparently over that out.

Again did Tray deal, and again was Harry's lucky star in the ascendant. A cool thousand found its way into his pocket.

"You are lucky," remarked Cashton.

"Ah," responded Harry, "try the luck again."

"Come, Cashton," he cried, exhilarated, "come, come, man, try the luck again."

"No—you and you only, can win to-night," laughingly responded the Colonels.

"A fresh deck," cried Mr. Tray to Hovey; then giving him a measuring glance he muttered

at the same moment a peculiar knock was heard, as if coming from a street door. Stiles listened attentively for a moment; then, as the knock was repeated, he left the room, carefully closing the door, and hastened to admit, at the street door, Col. Herman Ashton. A greeting passed between the two men, and Stiles conducted the Colonel to a large, handsomely furnished room leading from the hall.—To be continued.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JOHN JACKSON.—Periodically, the "boot question" turns up for adjustment. This time, we presume, it has been resolved through the controversies and disputes attending the watch question, recently submitted to us. This correspondent puts it as follows:—"Please give a solution to a problem which has puzzled many of my friends, and which has not been decided yet. It is this: A person buys in a store one pair of boots, costing seven dollars. In payment, he tendered a \$50 bill. The storekeeper, not having change for the bill, applies next day, and gets the bill changed, giving the purchaser \$45 and the boots. On the next day, the friend next door, who had changed the bill, complains that the bill is bad; whereupon the seller of the boots returns him \$50. Now, how much did the bootmaker lose by the operation?"..... He loses \$45 and the boots. This disputed question has about as many lives as a cat. Every now and then it turns up as fresh as ever. Washington Market, in the city, has been convulsed with it several times. A comical affair grew out of this dispute once, in New Orleans, about twelve years ago. Some Yankees, having got warm in the argument, agreed to make their first appearance on any stage, and "play the crossed thing out." It was the man who changed the boots, B was the boot maker. C was the neighbor who changed the \$50 bill. The performance came off before a large and discriminating audience, who testified their admiration and sense of delight. One of the parties in the above performance, is now a resident of Poughkeepsie, in this State, and he tells us that upon another occasion since, in that flourishing place, a Yankee acquaintance who happened to be present, was furnished with a bad \$50 bill, in order to "make the thing complete." The Yankee having put on the boots, and handled his change in good money, played his part to such perfection, that he has never been seen in Poughkeepsie since. The boot maker in that case, knows "directly" what he lost.

HENRY TAYLOR, Fort Columbus, N. Y.—1. Goo Park is the Capital of the All England Eleven, he having assumed the dictatorship after Clarke's demise, and we are sorry to learn, with the antecedents of John Winstan in the head man of the United All England Eleven, in a business point of view, he having been one of its founders; but Tom Lockyer may be said to be the Captain when in the field; E. P. Miller, Esq., however, very often controls their movements in matches, a position granted him for his abilities as a cricketer as well as for his higher social position, he being one of the few gentlemen, in that sense, that plays with the Eleven as one of them. Cricketers are rather a jealous set, and it requires a good deal of executive ability to control them satisfactorily. It does not always follow that the wicket keeper is Captain of an eleven, because he may not always have the ability to direct. It is much better, however, when the ability for both offices are combined in one man, as he can be the more silent, and therefore the dissembler of the batsman, because of changes having been made unknown to him.

2. **W. C.**—A party are playing All Fours. The dealer turns up clubs, trumps; his opponent begs; the cards are run, and clubs come up again; this time the Jack; a third time, clubs turn up; in running them once more, a spade appears. The cards are then played, when it is found that the dealer has made a miscalculation, by giving three cards too many. Now, the question in dispute is, is the dealer entitled to the Jack?"..... The rules of the game do not meet this point explicitly. They say that when the card turned up is a knave, the dealer scores one point in the game. It is the custom to score Jack whenever it is turned up; and the count is taken immediately, before a card has been played. As we look at the question in dispute, our opinion is, that if Jack was turned up and scored twice the dealer is entitled, the dealer is entitled to the count. If, on the other hand, the miscalculation took place before Jack was turned up, it follows that the error in giving out too many cards, resulted in the dealer turning up Jack, and, in consequence of such error, he is not entitled to the count.

3. **L. G.**, Fort Federal Hill, Baltimore—"Two men were playing Billiards; one held four aces; the other held four kings and a Jack. The man with the aces won \$10 better than the one with the Kings, and took the money. Now, a third person says the winner had no right to the money, on account of his having a sure thing on the other man. Please decide what is correct?"..... The man with the aces is justly entitled to the money; the "sure thing" dodge is played out. If four aces are to be ruled out on account of being a sure hand, why the four kings would have to come under the same rule, for then they would make a sure hand, barring the aces out. No, no, the game is decided according to the value of the cards in hand, whether a sure thing or not. By the way, there were two legal hands to turn up together, don't you think so? Didn't we know our volunteers better, we should say they had been "fixing things" upon each other.

4. **J. G.**, Cincinnati, O.—"A and B are playing a draw game of Dominoes. B has in his hand a number of pieces. A has not one-third the number; but A offered to take B's hand, and B lets him, so he will win the count; they change hands, and A gets Domino. B has a piece left, which turns out to be the double blank. A contends he won the count. B, on the contrary, contends that his piece, being the double blank, was no count, and therefore A loses the count. A contends that by getting Domino he won. Which is right?"..... A, in getting Domino, wins the privilege of counting, which, we presume, is the real point involved in the question at issue. The pieces played by A were all played out, while B still held one piece; A was, therefore, the winner, and although the remaining piece was blank, and although there were no pips to count, A was the right to count, as surely as B had that privilege.

5. **C. M.**—"I bet H. that a merchant (who employs a clerk) took in \$25 on a certain day. H. takes the bet. The merchant's cash book shows \$25.00 as the receipt of that day. H. says that he, the merchant, did not take in the \$25.00, as his clerk had taken in some of the money during the day, and he (H.) maintains, therefore, that he has won the bet. Is he right, or am I the winner?"..... H. loses the bet. Admitting that the clerk took part in the amount received, it cannot affect the question at issue, for the merchant takes in the full amount; it matters not whether he received it direct from the customers, or from the clerk. The money belongs to the merchant, and all sums received during the day, are taken in by the merchant. We presume that H. merely raised the issue as a sort of "stall-off."

6. **P.**, Philadelphia—1. The Dutch were the first to avail themselves of the advantage which the discovery of New York and its surroundings, (by Hendrick Hudson,) presented to their view. In 1614 a fort and trading house were erected on the southwest point of Manhattan Island, and this they called New Amsterdam. 2. In 1664, Charles II, of England, disregarding the Dutch claim, made a grant to his brother, the Duke of York. This claim was enforced by three vessels of war, and in August, 1664, the province was surrendered by the Dutch, and New Amsterdam was therefore called New York, in honor of the Duke of York.

7. **SUSCINNOR,** Worcester—"Which, of the two following contrabands, is, in your opinion, the best? 'Why is a steam engine like the rebel army?' Because it looks best when it runs?"..... "Why is a steam engine like the Patent Office in Washington?" Because it represents mechanical ingenuity, (engine-uity?)..... We rather incline to favor the latter, although we think the first would take best with the masses.

8. **B. H.**, Belleville, Ill.—The American, or four ball game, at billiards, properly includes pockets, and when the conditions for a match are being drawn up, unless the word "caraman" is introduced, the game to be played would be understood to be as above stated, including pockets. If the caraman game was intended, the stipulation would be thus—"The American or four ball game, etc."

9. **ZON**—"A bet B that Flora Temple made a mile on Long Island in 2:19½, in trotting against Patchen, on the Ocenwile Course. B said she never made it in public on Long Island. Who wins?"..... B is correct. Flora's great time of 2:19½ was made on the Kalamazoo track, in Michigan. She never made that time in public on Long Island.

10. **M.C.**, Havre de Grace, Md.—A foreigner cannot be considered a citizen until he has obtained his papers by due process of the naturalization laws. The mere fact of his serving in the army does not make a voter of him.

11. **P. F.**, Louisville, Ky.—A's opponent being at 20 points, while he (A) is at 33, and with the deal, he ought certainly to win, as he has a great advantage, provided the hands are afterwards always equal. 2. We do not see the "error."

12. **J. C.**, Albany, N. Y.—"Four spades are trumps, and you have none; and the ace of hearts is led, but you must follow suit by playing a heart, if you have any."

13. **CONSTANT PRIMALI**, Rader—He is playing his points upon you for some foolish end. Have no fear of him, and he will soon subside. Such characters should be made "invisible" by being placed in solitary confinement.

14. **YOUNG DRAMATIST**—1. Apply to the one who owns the copyright. The respective firms of business of the ladies are so different, as to forbid all comparison. 3. We are supposed to be ignorant of the ages of the ladies.

15. **B. C.**—"There is a disparity existing in regard to the dimensions of Base Ball for 1862. Please settle it."..... The dimensions are the same as in 1861, viz.: not more than 9½ inches in circumference, and not more than 5½ ounces avoirdupois, in weight.

16. **TYLER**, Fulton City, N. Y.—Mr. E. J. received yours of the 13th on Jan. 28, at Birmingham, Eng. As regards V.—not yet, given fellow time, can't you? "We hawkers wasn't made in a day!" You were "sound on the gospel!" Saxy?

17. **JOHN BRIGHT MANNING**, N. Y.—The "character" for the party selected has arrived, and the gentleman desires to tender his sincere thanks for the name, hoping it may be of service.

18. **SEAN N. XON**—There are some very clever points in your last, but the article is not exactly in our style.

SIGNAL.—All five tricks must be secured before a lone hand can score four points. Having made three tricks only, A is entitled to but one point.

19. **F. B. M.**, Lafayette, Ind.—It is said to be a regularly authorized concern, although we have no positive knowledge that such is the fact.

20. **J. BAKER**, Washington, D. C.—The Birkenhead was a British troop ship; she was lost at the Cape of Good Hope in 1852. There are said to have been between four and five hundred lives lost.

21. **S. R.**, Boston.—He had the best of the fight, and would have won, but for the accident, which could not well be guarded against. See our report of the fight.

22. **YOUNG YORKER.**—He goes out by playing low. High and game do not score together.

23. **R. TORONTO.**—Bill Cottrell beat Forty Fox in July, 1846. The fight occupied 22 rounds and 30 minutes.

24. **OVER THE WAY.**—The ace, deuce, etc., count in a straight, but it is beaten by the other hand, which consists of higher cards.

25. **W. L.**, Bangor.—A small advertisement would more widely bring it to the notice of the profession.

26. **A. SHORT**, Gloversville.—Having no dealings with the parties, we cannot endorse their responsibility.

27. **L. C. GRIMES**.—We have a letter for you.

28. **JAMES HUGHES**.—We have a letter for you.

29. **W. M. MCIL**, Indian Town.—Money received. All right.

30. **EDWIN JAMES**, care of Mr. S. Penn, No. 10 St. James Terrace, Crockett Road, Handsworth, near Birmingham, England.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

LETTER FROM JACK McDONALD.

A full report of the fight between Mace and King, for the Championship of England, will be found in another part of this issue of the CLIPPER. The result gives the victory to Mace, through accident rather than through any advantage gained by Mace in actual fighting. While the betting was 2 to 1 on Mace, the CLIPPER took sides with Young King, and expressed the opinion that, should the contest be properly conducted, the Belt would come into the possession of King. Of course, accidents may occur under any circumstances, and it was but an accident that prevented King from becoming the Champion of England. Such things cannot well be guarded against. King went into the ring with the chances, apparently, all against him. Mace was the favorite at 2 to 1. We never thought that the respective abilities of the two men, warranted such odds. We entertained, and do entertain, a high opinion of Young King, although there were very few who coincided with us in our estimate of his prowess. Jack McDonald had not much hope of his winning, as will be seen by the following extract of a letter we received from him, written previous to the fight:

London, Jan. 23, '62.

FRIEND QUEEN.—According to promise I send you a few lines regarding the pending fight for the Championship. I saw King today, and, as far as all young men after a residence in the country, he looks well, and feels healthy, but I fear that he has not undergone really good preparation, which is so requisite in a match with such a clever boxer as Mace. I also find him rather slow. He hobbles his steps, however, upon his strength; but that, alone, is not sufficient to successfully oppose such a scientific—but not the greatest—man, as the present Champion, who is very tricky, and, with a slow man, very active. I have promised King to second him, but I cannot build much hopes upon him, all things considered.

31. **W. C.**—A party are playing All Fours. The dealer turns up clubs, trumps; his opponent begs; the cards are run, and clubs come up again; this time, clubs turn up; in running them once more, a spade appears. The cards are then played, when it is found that the dealer has made a miscalculation, by giving three cards too many. Now, the question in dispute is, is the dealer entitled to the Jack?"..... The rules of the game do not meet this point explicitly. They say that when the card turned up is a knave, the dealer scores one point in the game. It is the custom to score Jack whenever it is turned up; and the count is taken immediately, before a card has been played. As we look at the question in dispute, our opinion is, that if Jack was turned up and scored twice the dealer is entitled, the dealer is entitled to the count. If, on the other hand, the miscalculation took place before Jack was turned up, it follows that the error in giving out too many cards, resulted in the dealer turning up Jack, and, in consequence of such error, he is not entitled to the count.

32. **L. G.**, Fort Federal Hill, Baltimore—"Two men were playing Billiards; one held four aces; the other held four kings and a Jack. The man with the aces won \$10 better than the one with the Kings, and took the money. Now, a third person says the winner had no right to the money, on account of his having a sure thing on the other man. Please decide what is correct?"..... The man with the aces is justly entitled to the money; the "sure thing" dodge is played out. If four aces are to be ruled out on account of being a sure hand, why the four kings would have to come under the same rule, for then they would make a sure hand, barring the aces out. No, no, the game is decided according to the value of the cards in hand, whether a sure thing or not. By the way, there were two legal hands to turn up together, don't you think so? Didn't we know our volunteers better, we should say they had been "fixing things" upon each other.

33. **J. G.**, Cincinnati, O.—"A and B are playing a draw game of Dominoes. B has in his hand a number of pieces. A has not one-third the number; but A offered to take B's hand, and B lets him, so he will win the count; they change hands, and A gets Domino. B has a piece left, which turns out to be the double blank. A contends he won the count. B, on the contrary, contends that his piece, being the double blank, was no count, and therefore A loses the count. A contends that by getting Domino he won. Which is right?"..... A, in getting Domino, wins the privilege of counting, which, we presume, is the real point involved in the question at issue. The pieces played by A were all played out, while B still held one piece; A was, therefore, the winner, and although the remaining piece was blank, and although there were no pips to count, A was the right to count, as surely as B had that privilege.

34. **C. M.**—"I bet H. that a merchant (who employs a clerk) took in \$25 on a certain day. H. takes the bet. The merchant's cash book shows \$25.00 as the receipt of that day. H. says that he, the merchant, did not take in the \$25.00, as his clerk had taken in some of the money during the day, and he (H.) maintains, therefore, that he has won the bet. Is he right, or am I the winner?"..... H. loses the bet. Admitting that the clerk took part in the amount received, it cannot affect the question at issue, for the merchant takes in the full amount; it matters not whether he received it direct from the customers, or from the clerk. The money belongs to the merchant, and all sums received during the day, are taken in by the merchant. We presume that H. merely raised the issue as a sort of "stall-off."

35. **P.**, Philadelphia—1. The Dutch were the first to avail themselves of the advantage which the discovery of New York and its surroundings, (by Hendrick Hudson,) presented to their view. In 1614 a fort and trading house were erected on the southwest point of Manhattan Island, and this they called New Amsterdam. 2. In 1664, Charles II, of England, disregarding the Dutch claim, made a grant to his brother, the Duke of York. This claim was enforced by three vessels of war, and in August, 1664, the province was surrendered by the Dutch, and New Amsterdam was therefore called New York, in honor of the Duke of York.

36. **SUSCINNOR,** Worcester—"Which, of the two following contrabands, is, in your opinion, the best? 'Why is a steam engine like the rebel army?' Because it looks best when it runs?"..... "Why is a steam engine like the Patent Office in Washington?" Because it represents mechanical ingenuity, (engine-uity?)..... We rather incline to favor the latter, although we think the first would take best with the masses.

37. **B. H.**, Belleville, Ill.—The American, or four ball game, at billiards, properly includes pockets, and when the conditions for a match are being drawn up, unless the word "caraman" is introduced, the game to be played would be understood to be as above stated, including pockets. If the caraman game was intended, the stipulation would be thus—"The American or four ball game, etc."

38. **ZON**—"A bet B that Flora Temple made a mile on Long Island in 2:19½, in trotting against Patchen, on the Ocenwile Course. B said she never made it in public on Long Island. Who wins?"..... B is correct. Flora's great time of 2:19½ was made on the Kalamazoo track, in Michigan. She never made that time in public on Long Island.

39. **M.C.**, Havre de Grace, Md.—A foreigner cannot be considered a citizen until he has obtained his papers by due process of the naturalization laws. The mere fact of his serving in the army does not make a voter of him.

40. **P. F.**, Louisville, Ky.—A's opponent being at 20 points, while he (A) is at 33, and with the deal, he ought certainly to win, as he has a great advantage, provided the hands are afterwards always equal. 2. We do not see the "error."

41. **J. C.**, Albany, N. Y.—"Four spades are trumps, and you have none; and the ace of hearts is led, but you must follow suit by playing a heart, if you have any."

42. **CONSTANT PRIMALI**, Rader—He is playing his points upon you for some foolish end. Have no fear of him, and he will soon subside. Such characters should be made "invisible" by being placed in solitary confinement.

43. **YOUNG DRAMATIST**—1. Apply to the one who owns the copyright. The respective firms of business of the ladies are so different, as to forbid all comparison. 3. We are supposed to be ignorant of the ages of the ladies.

44. **B. C.**—"There is a disparity existing in regard to the dimensions of Base Ball for 1862. Please settle it."..... The dimensions are the same as in 1861, viz.: not more than 9½ inches in circumference, and not more than 5½ ounces avoirdupois, in weight.

45. **TYLER**, Fulton City, N. Y.—Mr. E. J. received yours of the 13th on Jan. 28, at Birmingham, Eng. As regards V.—not yet, given fellow time, can't you? "We hawkers wasn't made in a day!" You were "sound on the gospel!" Saxy?

46. **JOHN BRIGHT MANNING**, N. Y.—The "character" for the party selected has arrived, and the gentleman desires to tender his sincere thanks for the name, hoping it may be of service.

47. **SEAN N. XON**—There are some very clever points in your last, but the article is not exactly in our style.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

GALLANT STRUGGLE
BETWEEN
JEM MACE AND TOM KING,
FOR £400 AND THE BELT.

From Bell's Life, Feb. 2.

To whatever cause, the order and regularity, the manliness and fair play on either side may be referred

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED
SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL OF AMERICA,
AND ADVOCATE OF

Physical and Mental Recreations for the People.

THE POPULAR AMERICAN SPORTING JOURNAL, now in the NINTH YEAR of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. THE CLIPPER gives FULL AND AUTHENTIC REPORTS of every event of a Sporting nature, such as—

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The CLIPPER also devotes considerable space to

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS,

embracing information on General Topics, but Sporting Matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietor.

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AND IS THE

ELDEST SPORTING JOURNAL NOW PUBLISHED IN AMERICA

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail, \$1 for six months; \$2 for one year. Club of four, \$7 per annum; club of eight, \$13 per annum; club of twelve, \$18 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,

No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862

NOTES TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

DOING" THE BRITISHERS.

From the first appearance of Deerfoot upon the soil of England, we endeavored to guard our trans-Atlantic cousins against the frauds intended to be practiced upon them by the men engaged with the Indian in his speculations. We cautioned them against Deerfoot and White, but the good people of merry England "didn't see it," at the time, and they "fell heavily." White is one of the runners sent over here on the fly to take down our own pedestrians, and to humbug the sports heresay. Knowing that the CLIPPER would expose any underhanded dealing, the parties having White and others in tow, kept aloof from us, and veiled their movements in mystery. We discovered the trick, however, in time to save our friends; we exposed the whole thing, and thus put an end to "the enterprise." In England, White and Deerfoot seem to have been more successful, and the people of that country more gullible, in spite of our warnings. The "company" made a snug pile off the bubble burst. Now, the papers "see it," and are not slow in showing up the "Peter Punks." The London *Sporting Life*, a paper that is doing much for legitimate sporting interests, has a leading article on frauds in pedestrianism, but as it endorses what we have all along said upon the subject, we merely give a few extracts bearing more directly upon the Indian's recent performances:—

"Is the manly exercise of pedestrianism to fall into the lowest depths of disrepute by the meidots of those men who are foremost in its profession? There was a time, before the rise of the 'gate-money' system, when men honestly and proudly tested their powers on turnpike roads—a time when 'gate-money' was unheard of, and, what is best, uncared for. * * * If a thoroughly 'good man' makes his appearance, he is speedily jamped with by individuals who at once 'farm' him for a series of metropolitan and provincial engagements. However great may be his quality as a runner, however capable he may be of accomplishing distances in wonderful time, his sacrifices all—*ad partem*—and self-esteem—and becoming the attraction of a town, or party, no work the wires in a manner which suits their pocketbooks. Who do they care for pedestrianism? Nothing. 'Gate-money' is their watchword, and so long as that source yields a fair harvest, they care not one jot for the reputation of the puppets who with impudent mockery, arrogate to themselves the title of 'Champions.' * * * Yet there are, at the present moment, men presumptuously arrogating to themselves the titles of 'Champions' whose only right to the title is, that they have joined in some 'robbery,' and participated in what they term a 'performance,' enacted to secure a flood of shillings or sixpences at the gate. In a majority of the pretended great matches, the competitors know as well when they leave the scratch, as when the 'race' is over, how the affair is to terminate. Perhaps, to give a theatrical or exciting feature to the farce, one of the men is to 'fall exhausted into his back's arms.' This is a favorite trick. Or he is to write in all the false agonies of a 'break down,' or 'stitch in his side.' Now, we challenge a candid and competent person to say whether the picture as here given is overdrawn. And to whom have we a right to look for redress in a matter of this description? Emphatically to the press, and we should be prostituting our functions if we did not speak plainly. * * * Deerfoot, as we have always maintained, is a pedestrian of first-rate ability, but there are men who can beat him; but, to speak plainly, they won't and daren't. How many matches that very remarkable Indian were genuine? Perhaps Mr. George Martin, if not too busy in embroiling mosaics, and making friezes for the Senevan, is good enough to inform us. And how many matches yet to be run by Deerfoot will he also admit? A not very difficult solution. At Copenhagen, Grimsby, Macclesfield, on Monday, another of these 'races,' for a 'chancery' belt, took place between White and Siah Alibion, both men being well known to the sporting world as pedestrians of considerable reputation. The distance was one mile, and, after completing little more than a third of the distance, the man White stopped, under the usual pretext, that he had 'broken down,' or 'sprained his ankle.' Assistance being at hand (says our Manchester correspondent in describing the occurrence) he (White) was placed on a person's back and carried from the ground, fears being entertained that more than his ankle would be sprained ere he reached the conveyance to bear him away. Now, from this it is tolerably clear that he was another disgracious affair. We also learn, from the same source, that the 'race' attracted 3,000 persons' to the grounds, and henceforward the 'sprained ankle' becomes a very easy thing to elucidate, and it is not very hazardous to guess for what purposes the contest was got up. The 3,000 persons' present, it would seem, were very nearly giving a striking proof of their indignation. But we are disgusted with the mere recital of such reputables in what might otherwise be one of the most creditable and honorable British pastimes. Acting at all times upon our avowed principles, we have not hesitated to express our views fearlessly, and our only motive, it is needless to say, is the purity and advancement of a truly noble English sport.

SPORT AND PASTIMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

A NEW PROJECT.—The Union Skating Association, encouraged by the complete success attendant upon their Skating Pond this winter, and to fill up the vacuum its absence will create during the Spring, Summer and Autumn months, have at the solicitation of many of the most influential and wealthy of their members, determined to organize an Association similar in a measure to that which the Washington Club issued a prospectus for, some two months since, for their district of the city. This new organization is to be called "The Union Out Door Sport Association," and is to include the sports of skating, ball play, gymnastics, riding, and boating. The design is to construct a lake of water on the site of the Union pond, but at least three times its size in extent. In the centre of this, a large and commodious building is to be erected, in the Swiss style of architecture, which will contain saloons for refreshments, retiring, dressing, reading, and conversation rooms. This central building will be entirely surrounded by water, the communication with it being by handsome bridges from each end, to the streets opposite. By this means the surface of water will be much greater. Adjoining this lake there are to be two large ball grounds laid out, one for base ball—the largest—and the other for cricket clubs. These will be surrounded by shade trees, so as to protect spectators from the sun. There is also to be another large building erected, which will contain an equestrian exercise hall and billiard rooms, exclusively for ladies; also bowling alleys attached; the other part of the building is to be devoted to gymnastic exercises.

The project is grand in conception, and most commendable as regards the objects in view, and as it is under the control of parties who have obtained a most flattering prestige from the energy and enterprise they have already evinced in their able management of the Union Skating Association, we have no doubt this new and splendid enterprise will meet with the same well merited success.

SKETCHES OF LONDON.
LONDON LIFE AND LONDON SPORTSMEN.

BY NED JAMES,
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER SEVEN.

CONTINUED.

"MY UNCLE'S NEVY," JEM BURN.

Mrs. Burn I visited first, and just caught a glimpse of "My Uncle's Nev," as he was passing through the bar room for dinner. The old gentleman seemed bent nearly double, and it appeared all he could do, aided by a stick, to reach the dining-room. Two blooming daughters gave *clap* to the bar, one very much like the old ring patriarch himself, the other having a resemblance to Mrs. B., I was given to understand. His stock of prints I didn't see, only going into the tap-room, but at the side of the bar was exhibited a photograph of Young Ward, the best and most aristocratic boxer living in England. Mrs. Burn's memory will be fresh here. As Jem Burn was recently introduced to our readers in a mill with Phil Sampson, (which reached me not quite a week ago per CLIPPER of Dec. 7, through my brother quill, "Saxe,") I cannot do better than relate his experience as a pugilist, so here goes:—Born in Yorkshire, March 15, 1804, weight 12st 5lbs; beat O'Neal, 150a side, 49m, 30s; July 29, 1824, draw with Jack Martin, Oct. 26, 1824 (Jack had previously defeated Geo. Oliver, Jack Johnson, Jack Scroggins, Josh Hudson, Cabbage, Phil Sampson, Dave Hudson, and Ned Turner) Young Dutch Sam, Ned Turner, and Jack Randall beat Jem Ward in his second fight; beaten by Ned Neale, 99m, 52s; Dec. 21, 1824, Burn's third fight in the short time of five months; beaten by Sampson (see CLIPPER of Dec. 7); beat Pat M. Gee, 30m, 23s; July 25, 1826; beat Ned Baldwin, 33m, 20s; April 24, 1827; beaten by Ned Neale, 46m, 43s.; Nov. 13, 1827; beaten by Ned Baldwin (White-headed Bob), 90m, 58s; July 3, 1827, thus making three more in seven months; received £10 forfeit from Randall, the Devonshire Giant (6ft. 8in. in height), whose name doesn't appear as a performer in the pages of "Fistians." It will be seen that Jem Burn has not appeared in the ring for over thirty years, while Jim Ward, who is four years his senior, fought and won up to 1821. Of the two, Mr. Ward looks the younger by a dozen years, and is much spryer than many of the young champions of the present day. Jim Burn is a victim to that painful malady, rheumatism, and thus ages very fast. The popular expression "My Uncle's Nev" is accounted for by Jem being a nephew of old Ben Burn, who brought him out, and was, I presume, landlord of the "Rising Sun," Air street, Piccadilly, before the present Burn took possession. Visitors to London should never miss-calling on the two veteran boxers, Jem Burn and Jim Ward.

OWEN SWIFT, THE WONDER!

Owen's house, the "Horse Shoe," is, as its name indicates, a great resort for turfmen and all interested in horse flesh. Turfites, generally speaking, indulge in spirits, to the grief of vendors in stout, porter, ale, and consequently Mr. Swift's is a noted house for "spirits." This I didn't know at the time, or I should never have ordered stout there; ouch! the taste still rises to the surface as I think of it, and the camphene once served out to a party of us at a hotel in West Broadway was sweet in comparison. Still no blame can be attached to Mr. Swift, as he studies well the interests of his customers. The demand is so uncertain for more temperate beverages, that the article does not keep well, and I hereby acquit the "Wonder" of all intentional bad stout. The little man himself was not at home, and therefore I missed seeing both him and his parlor, but by just stepping into Bill Clarke's, Harry Gribbin's, Jack Bath's, or any "house of call" where sportsmen congregate in New York, and asking for Owen Swift, in Newbold's Big Fight, you will be well prepared for an outline of his battles, and it will save me the labor of a personal description until I do see him. Owen Swift, then, was born Feb. 14, 1810, and commenced his career when only fifteen years old, by beating Tom M. Keever, on Sept. 4, 1826, before Jem Coote, 26 minutes, 9 rounds. Aug. 4, 1829, beaten by Tom Smith, East End Sailor Boy, 30 minutes, 29 rounds. July 9, 1830—beat Ben Barrey Arxon and Harry Jones, who fought 34 battles; beat Isaacs, 14 rounds, October 26, 1830; beat A. Noon, 126 minutes, 65 rounds, March 27, 1832; beat Ned Brown, 24 minutes, 12 rounds, Dec. 18, 1832; beat Aileen, 100 minutes, 41 rounds, Feb. 5, 1833, whom Izzy Lazarus also vanquished in 70 minutes, 29 rounds. Feb. 16, 1836, beat Murray, 77 minutes, 52 rounds, April 9, 1833—Murray fought Deep Burke; beat Phil Eyle, 16 rounds, Nov. 19, 1833; beat Deep Burke; beat Aileen, 40 minutes, 32 rounds, March 4, 1834, an old opponent of Izzy Lazarus, with 12 battles to his name; beat A. 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THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS BOOKS FOR SALE.—We have for sale the following Chess works, which we will forward post paid at the prices named:—
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. P. EATON, BOSTON.—"Clip. Prob. Tour." sent as directed; right glad were we to see the well-remembered "first," may your spirit now be moved to divers kinds of various sorts of contributions on contemplating the book's manifold beauties.

JOHN MCLEAN.—There, guess that'll fetch ye! th?

C. A. G.—Your last at hand, which shall receive due attention; highly satisfactory, now.

DEATH OF HERMANN PHILMOSCHER.—Our European exchanges announce the death of Hermann Philmoscher, of Leipzig. He was one of Germany's leading players, an accomplished and highly ingenious problemist, and the Chess Editor of the Leipzig *Familien Journal*, in which position he has rendered enduring service to the cause of Chess.

ENIGMA No. 316.

An ingenious conception, rendered with the author's proverbial elegance.—*Manchester Express.*

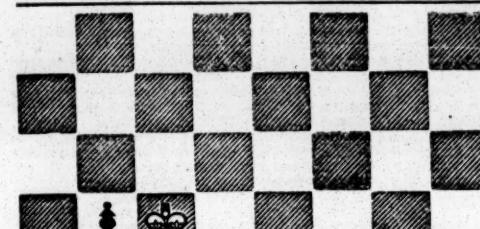
BY MR. W. CRIMSHAW.



PROBLEM NO. 316.

BY J. H. WESCOFT, M. D.

BLACK.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IRISH SPORTING TIMES, Dublin.—See note appended to solution of the Position (taken from the *Times*) given last week. We approve another, as you will perceive.

EXPRESS, NEW YORK.

C. ALLEN, RIBURY, MASS.—Right welcome.

H. L., PITTSBURGH.—Thanks. Next week.

W. S. KNIGHT, NEW YORK.—Correct. See remarks of A. H. M., this week.

ANDREW H. MERCER, WELLSVILLE, N. J.—All right! Step aboard.

GAME NO. 39.—VOL. IX.

SPATH VS. BETHELL—IN AUGUST, 1868.
Bethell, White. Spath, Black. Spath, White. Bethell, White.
1. 11 15 23 18 6. 21 14 22 17
2. 8 11 26 23 7. 8 12 18 14
3. 4 8 30 26 8. 9 18 26 23
4. 10 19 24 15 9. 19 26 31 8
5. 10 19 23 16 and Spath, after prolonging the game for many moves, finally surrendered.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 43—VOL. IX.

BY I. D. J. S.

Black.	White.
1. 9 14	18 2
2. 12 8	2 11
3. 8 18, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 1.

From the Irish Sporting Times *

Black. White. Black. White. Black. White. Black. White.
1. 7 11 8 15
2. 29 14 18 9
3. 13 17 21 7
4. 6 13 30 21
5. 2 27 31 24
6. 16 30, and wins.

* The heading, "63d Position of Sturges," should be omitted. Our readers are aware that one of Sturges' Positions have been inserted regularly each week up to the 63d of the series. This will explain the wherefore of the 63d, &c.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE. White—Blythe, 14. 14 18 19 16
15. 10 15

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND W. S. K. White—W. S. K.
Black—Mary. 16. 1 6 23 16
17. 6 10 23 24

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND F. M. HARWICH. White—F. M. H.
Black—G. M. B. 1. 11 15 23 19
2. 8 11 26 23

POSITION NO. 44—VOL. IX.

From the Irish Sporting Times.

BY DR. DEANE, OF DURHAM.

BLACK. (Difficult.)

POSITION NO. 2.

From the Irish Sporting Times.

BY DR. DEANE, OF DURHAM.

BLACK.

POSITION NO. 2.

From the Irish Sporting Times.

BY DR. DEANE, OF DURHAM.

BLACK.

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RE-PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST, IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER EIGHT.

GREAT FIGHT

BETWEEN

YANKEE SULLIVAN AND HAMMER LANE,

FOR \$500, FEBRUARY 2, 1841.

This memorable and stoutly contested battle which took place in England on the above date, may not, perhaps, be strictly considered as belonging to the annals of the American Prize Ring, but as the brave "Yankee" was considered, to all intents and purposes, an American boxer, most of his principal battles having been fought here, we deem ourselves warranted in publishing it as one of this series, by way of making it more complete, while, at the same time, we are sure that it will be read by the admirers of the "manly art" with great interest. After having won several victories over good men and true in the trans-Atlantic arena, in 1838 Sullivan paid a flying visit of about twelve months duration to the United States, when, with a view of making a permanent settlement here, he returned to his native country to make preparations thereto. On his arrival there, his friends, finding him rough and ready, with a tolerable knowledge of the art of self defence, determined to give him a chance in the London Prize Ring, and accordingly sent forth a challenge that he would fight any eleven stone man in England. This was a bold move on the pugilistic board, for at that time there were in England men of that weight in whose hands it was thought Sullivan would not have the shadow of a chance. However, the challenge appeared, and while some were wondering at the temerity of Sullivan, who had never before been heard of in the London Ring, the challenge attracted the attention of the friends of Hammer Lane, who at that time was looked upon as one of the best of his weight. Without more ado, Lane's friends, without his knowledge, accepted Sullivan's challenge, but on Lane being made acquainted with the arrangement, he gratefully accepted the invitation of his London friends, more especially as it gave him an opportunity of regaining the confidence of his friends, which had been somewhat shaken by his battle with young Molineaux, in which the latter defeated him in 53 rounds, occupying 72 minutes. This battle was fought on the 9th of June, 1840.

With the name of Hammer Lane, who was a star of the Birmingham school, our readers are acquainted. He was a hero, distinguished for the high character which he maintained, and has been fairly rated as a bright sample of the school from which he sprung. As the successful opponent of Owen Swift, he was regarded as a man of no common talents; and, in fact, from his outset, his milling career was distinguished by unbroken good fortune, until deprived of his well-earned laurels by young Molineaux, the black, in the month of June, 1840, when, from an injury in his right hand, his chances of victory were extinguished. He had previously beaten Harry Ball, Hewson, Jack Green, Tass Parker, (twice,) Jack Adams, and Bing Stokes, the Westminster Pet. His carriage was unquestionable, and his style of fighting scientific and effective, while his manners and general deportment were not only inoffensive but popular. He was born in 1815, and his fighting weight was 150 pounds, to which point he was brought on Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1841, being in perfect condition, and in all respects fitting for the scratch. He trained with Johnny Broome at Stockbridge, and it is needless to say, gained golden opinions by the steadiness and propriety of his conduct. With regard to Sullivan, he was then unknown in London pugilistic circles. By the articles, it was stipulated that his antagonist was not to exceed eleven stone, while he might catch weight. His age was 25, his height about 5 feet 10 inches, his frame muscular and well proportioned, his weight 11 stone 6 lbs. As with Nick Ward, his induction to the mysteries of the English Ring was intrusted to Peter Taylor, and he proved himself an accomplished pupil to a good master. On entering the ring he was accompanied by Peter Taylor and Harry Holt, and sported a green thong-squeeze with yellow spots. Hammer Lane claimed the kindly offices of Johnny Broome and Fuller, and displayed a purple flag with yellow border. On stripping, both men showed their condition to be first rate. Lane displayed a playful, devil-may-care confidence, while Sullivan was as grave as a mustard pot, and looked as fierce as a deviled kidney. The odds at starting were 2 to 1 on Lane, which increased to 5 to 4 and 3 to 1, the latter odds being taken to a large figure. At twenty-two minutes after four, operations commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Sullivan was no sooner at the scratch, than he threw himself into a form which proved that there was nothing of the service in his pretensions; he led off vigorously with his left, which was prettily stopped, and he in turn stopped Lane's left and right. Good stops followed on both sides. Sullivan popped in his left, but did not get quite home, while Lane in the counter, caught him in the nob. "Kil him," cried some of Sullivan's friends, and he tried the feinting dodge, but Lane was not to be had. Sullivan waited steadily, his hands well up, when Lane broke ground and hit away left and right, a rally followed, in which there were some pretty exchanges without much advantage on either side, when Lane, from the state of the ground, slipped and fell. [Loud cheers for the Yankees.]

2. Sullivan, of whose pretensions no mean opinion was formed, came up steady, and waited for the attack. Lane led off with his left, but was stopped. Some lively exchanges followed left and right, and after a short rally, Lane again slipped down laughing. 3. Good counter hits with the left, one of which caught Lane on the mouth, and another dropped on his eye, which immediately showed a mouse. A lively rally closed to the ropes, in which it was observed that Sullivan hit open handed. Lane closed and threw his man, with his head under his arm.

4. On coming to the scratch, the dial of both were painted, and a ring of blood was perceptible on Lane's lips from a touch on his ivories. Sullivan again stopped Lane's first effort with his left, and in return gave him another smack in the gob. Good stopping on both sides. Lane dropped his left on Sullivan's body. After an exchange of blows, Sullivan hit short with his left, and tried the upper cut, but missed. Lane in getting away, slipped down, but rose laughing.

5. Counter hit with the left and good exchanges left and right. A close, in which mutual fibbing took place, and Sullivan showed that he was quite awake to it, as well as out fighting. In the struggle for the fall, Lane got his man down.

6. Lane came up laughing, hit out with his left, but was stopped; he made a feint with his left, and succeeded in planting slightly with his right on Sullivan's pimple, which he followed up, after another cunning dodge, by a visitation from his left. Sullivan, nothing daunted, followed him up to the corner, caught his left hand with his right, and with his left gave him a whack in the chops. Lane broke away and commenced a dandy rally, hitting out left and right. Sullivan stopped both blows on the points of his elbows, and in an instant we observed, from the immediate swelling of his right forearm, that Lane had sustained severe injury, he, however, still got his left at the body, but dropped his right to his side, it was evident that he had lost the power of using it. Still he jabbed with his left, which Sullivan rushed in and seized with his right, and in the other hand, Sullivan upon him. [Although the injury to Lane's arm was only visible now, the mischief was done in the third round, and the consequent use of the arm increased the fracture till further exertion became impossible. The bone called the radius, was completely fractured.]

7. The extent of injury to Lane's right arm was not generally known, but on coming up it was seen that it was powerless; in fact, he rested it on his body, and at once commenced fighting with his left. He jabbed Sullivan dreadfully on the snout, from whence he drew lots of claret; he repeated the same dose in quick succession three or four times; from the rapidity, force, and straightness of the blows [Sullivan being unable to stop them], the hits were terrific, and severe cuts on the brow and cheek followed the previous visits on the nose, the Yankee exhibiting a woful spectacle, bleeding most profusely. Sullivan's friends now called loudly upon him to go in and fight, as Lane had but one arm. He responded to the advice, followed Lane as he retreated jabbing, to the corner. Sullivan attempted to close, but Lane slipped down. [It now became the question with Lane's backers from the state of his arm, whether prudence and humanity should not suggest the propriety of submitting to the consequences of this melancholy accident. Lane, however, resisted the suggestion, said he could lick him with one hand, and on time being called, came up the the scratch laughing.]

8. Thrice did Sullivan, who confined himself to the defensive system, stop the hammerman's terrific left, whose right continued to pierce his side. Lane retired to do his master's bidding, as he advanced. Sullivan hit short at the lane arm but missed, when Lane caught him heavily in the body with his left, and then, to the astonishment of the ring, repeated the like heavy blow with the same hand on the mouth and body with the rapidity of lightning, increasing the fractures in the Yankee's dial. Sullivan

appeared quite bewildered, and hit short, but being called upon by his seconds and backers to go in, he followed their advice, but missed a right handed hit, and Lane went down laughing.

9. Sullivan had now sufficient to do to stop the left handed hits of his gallant opponent, who, however, contrived to pepper him with unceasing vigor and effect, till on Sullivan's boring in, he fell at the ropes to avoid a struggle.

10. Lane again led off with his left, and retreated; Sullivan, amidst the bellowing of his friends, followed him to the corner, caught the offending weapon in his right hand, and was about to administer pepper with his left, when Lane got down to avoid. [Sullivan's seconds claimed "foul," but the claim was instantly rejected as perfectly groundless.]

11. Lane again gave his adversary [whose head exhibited a very weak representation of a Field Lane duck, alias a "b-y-jemmy,"] a poke in the breadbasket and retired. Sullivan followed him at the score, and caught him with the right on the nob, but with open hand. Lane here retreated to the ropes, but could not get farther, on which Sullivan seized him with both arms. Lane, perfectly powerless, could not get away, but in trying for the fall, instead of falling on him, Sullivan fell wide of his mark, and to the great amusement of the spectators.

12. A strong feeling of sympathy for the fate of Lane now pervaded all quarters, but still he came up as game as a bull dog. Counter hit with the left. Lane endeavoring to follow up his favorite hit, hit short. In a second attempt he was more fortunate, and jabbed Sullivan dreadfully as he came in three times in succession, spinning the claret from his mug, like sparks from a pyrotechnic centre. Sullivan rushed in furiously, but Lane got down.

13. Lane passed in a body blow with his left and retreated. Sullivan, who was nearly stunned by the repeated visitations to his pumice, pumiced and hit open-handed with his left, and Lane got down.

14. Lane pursued his jobbing system, hit between Sullivan's guard and muzzled him. Sullivan fought wild, and missed right and left, when Lane drew back, and met him as he came in, and gave him a tremendous smasher on the optic. Sullivan was "flab-gutted," when Lane dropped him a slashing hit on the nose.

15. Sullivan came up a splendid object for a butcher's shop. Sullivan stopped Lane's left hit. Short in return. In the counter he was more successful, and being provided with a piece of oakum in his hand, he kept it closed. Counter with the left. Lane three times in succession passed in his favorite jobbers. Sullivan followed him up to the corner, when Lane slipped under the ropes, laughing, and exciting the admiration and wonder of the surrounding throng.

16. Sullivan's left daylight all but extinguished. Lane passed in his left, but was stopped. Counter hitting with the left, in which Sullivan had been contrived, by the advice of his seconds, to keep his arms, caught him a tremendous whack on the left brow, cutting his hair, and dropping him close to the corner.

17. Counter hits with the left. Lane passed in his left twice in succession on the head and body. He retreated, but on trying to repeat the dose, Sullivan stopped him, and was trying to return the compliment, when Lane slipped down to avoid. "Foul" was again claimed, which showed the desperate apprehensions entertained by Sullivan's seconds, but was again rejected by the referee.

18. Still did Lane come up with unflinching courage, and delivered with his left on the head and body, retreating (cries to Sullivan, "go in and fight, he's got but one hand.") Sullivan obeyed the mandate, and caught Lane a heavy jabbing hit under the left eye. Lane down, bleeding.

19 and last. Lane came up with less vigor than in former rounds, when Sullivan rushed in to fight, received a smack from the left, but returned with severity on the old spot, and Lane was again down, Sullivan, although dreadfully punished, being still strong on his legs. Swift, and the backers of Lane, feeling that to protest the fight would be inhuman to Lane, gave in for him, amidst loud cheers from the friends of the Yankee, who was proclaimed the victor, in 34 minutes.

REMARKS.

The extraordinary courage displayed by Lane on the occasion, fighting, as he did, thirteen rounds against a man of superior weight, excited the unmixed admiration of all.

A more extraordinary display of bravery never signalized the doings of the ring; and but for the judicious advice of Sullivan's friends, such was the extreme severity of the punishment administered, little doubt existed that he would have bitten the dust, or rather snow, with which the battle field was covered. Had Lane commenced as he began in the 7th round, and contented himself with jabbing his man with the left as he came in, keeping his right in reserve, no doubt his labors would have quickly terminated. He seemed disposed, however, to try the metal of his opponent, and thus incurred an injury which rendered his chance of success hopeless. Sullivan proved himself a greater adept than was anticipated, and from the patience with which he sustained the severe punishment which he received, he was entitled to the character of a perfect glutton; and considering it was his first appearance in the English ring, he was entitled to every praise. Poor Lane was conveyed from the ground to a surgeon at Newbury, where the bone of his arm was secured by splints. The unfortunate fellow seemed to feel more for his backers than for himself. He was conveyed to town the next day, and showed at the "Bath," with his arm in a sling, and his left eye under a green verandah.

THE LATE JOHNNY BROOME.

His EARLY CAREER—SELF-DENIALS—MODE OF TRAINING—MANNER OF FIGHTING—GREAT POPULARITY—CAUSE OF HIS UNTIMELY DEATH BY SUICIDE.

DEAR FRANK.—As the majority of your patrons are perhaps unacquainted with many of the incidents herein transcribed, and will undoubtedly peruse them with interest, I have collected the same from reliable sources, and will attempt to put them ship-shape. Johnny Broome was born in Birmingham, March 14, 1818, and learned the trade of a gunsmith, at which he became very expert. He commenced fighting when only seventeen, and was so opposed to the lazy life of a professional cruiser, that he invariably worked steady at gun making up to within one week of his battles, doing his training before six o'clock in the morning, and going straight to the shop for ten hours more training over gun-barrels. He would walk three miles to a nice level road in the country, then run two miles at a rattling pace, afterwards walking back, and all this before the majority of the toy stores) and like it with raw beefsteak, to save the complexion. Don't cut any pigeonwings, and don't skate fast. It isn't graceful nor gentlemanly, and is apt to overheat the blood, and result in a cold in the head, which is very vulgar and unbecoming. Don't stoop with your head down. It may cause vertigo, or a somersault, in case an awkward skater came up suddenly behind you. Young gentlemen need not trouble themselves to be polite when skating—in fact, politeness is an impossibility, if they are properly muffed up about the face and ears. Tumble over all the little girls who are trying to learn, without any compunctions of conscience, and gently swear at them for not getting out of the way. Don't skate long without paying a visit to the bar-room, and getting a "refresher." Get a cigar at the same time, and when it is smoked half out, throw it on the ice—it will be fun to see the skaters trip up and fall down. At the end of an hour, have your mother's Irish servant girl sent with two blankets and a comfortable, in which to pin you up and carry you safe home. Immediately after arriving at home, have somebody to rub you down with goose grease, and place you carefully on a feather bed, between lavender sheets, when the best plan will be to sink into gentle doze. On awaking, partake of a delicate roast chicken, a tenderloin steak, a lamb chop, broiled as they do at a restaurant, a cup of chocolate, a bit of cheese, a large piece of mince pie, and whatever else your fastidious appetite may fancy. Put on a dressing-gown, and proceed to color your meerschaum. Skating may be safely taken in this way, in small quantities, as often as once a week, without hurting the most fragile constitution.

A COLLEGE JOKE.—A young gentleman, a member of a certain college, was expelled for the crime of drawing young ladies up to his room at night, and letting them down in the morning, by means of a rope and basket, arranged from his window. Of course, a great deal of gossiping conversation was the consequence. The following colloquy occurred between two young ladies:—"Jane, do you really believe the students draw girls up to their rooms?" "Certainly, my dear; more than that, I know they do." "How?" "Well, I was going by the college one morning; it was just before light; 'twas very early in the morning, and I heard a noise in the direction of one of the college buildings. I looked that way, and, as plain as I see you now, I saw a girl in a basket, about half way from a three-story window to the ground, and just then the rope broke, and down I came!" "Oh! Jane!"

SEA TALK.—Sam Lathrop says when he came on the steamer from Liverpool, they kept the chickens on the hatchway; the beef in the bulwarks, near the steerage, and when they were out of eggs, the ship lay to.

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?—A young woman went into Stewart's, in Broadway, t'other day, and asked for ten yards of cloth suitable for primitive triangular appendages for her baby.

THE MANLY ART.—The phrase—"fighting on his own hook," is now more elegantly rendered, "waging war upon the prudent individuality of his personal curve."

ten battles in all, winning every one except with Jack Hunt, a draw. Johnny was considered only a "little 'un" in weight and stature, but a perfect dancing master in the ring, and fought as much with his brain as with his fists, possessing coolness and judgment to an extraordinary degree. Yours cordially. NED JAMES.

Handsworth, Eng., Jan. 27th, 1862.

"WRASSTLE" WITH A SNAKE.

I got interested in the study of serpents down in Arkansas, where I spent the most of last year. I don't know why, but I was continually watching them and testing their sagacity, by placing them in new situations, and surrounding them with novel expedients. Of all kinds, I experimented most with rattlesnakes and copperheads. One afternoon I seated myself on a little knoll in the woods to smoke and read—for I always had a book or newspaper with me—and had been enjoying myself for some time, when I espied a copperhead making for a hole within ten feet of where I sat. Of course I threw down my book and cigar, and proceeded to try a new experiment. As soon as I stirred, the rascal made a rush for the hole. But I caught his tail as he got nearly in, and jerked him some twenty feet backward. He threw himself into a coil in no time, and waited for me to pitch in. But I concluded to let him try his hole again. After a while he started for it, stopping when I stirred, to coil himself up; but I kept pretty quiet, and he recovered confidence and went in. Again I jerked him out. No sooner did he hit the ground than he made a grand rush for the hole in a straight line for my legs. But that didn't work, for I got out of the way and gave him another flit. This time he lay still awhile, appearing to reflect on the course to be taken. After a time he tried it again, though rather slowly. After getting his head a little way in, he stopped and wriggled his tail, as if on purpose for me to grab it. I did so, and quicker than a flash he drew his head out, and came within a quarter of an inch of striking me in the face. However, I jerked him quite a distance, and resolved to look out for him next time. Well, he tried the same game again, but it wouldn't work—I was too quick for him. This time he lay in a coil half an hour without moving. At last he tried it once more. He advanced to within five feet of the hole very slowly, coiled again, and then, by heavens! got the start of me by one of the cutest tricks you ever heard of.

"How was that?" we all exclaimed in one breath.

"Why," said the narrator, sinking his voice to the acme of solemnity, and looking as honest and sober as a man could look, "why, he just turned his head towards my hand, and went down that hole, tail first!"

STRIKING A BARGAIN.

In the town of N—, in New Hampshire, lived old Farmer P., who is very deaf. On his farm, near the road, stood a very large tree, and thirty feet from the ground on this tree was a large knot.

As Farmer P. was passing by one day, he thought he would cut it down to make a mill post. He had been to work some time, when he thought some stranger would come along and ask him the following questions, and he would make the following answers.

"What is that tree for?" asks the stranger.

"A mill post," replies the farmer.

"How long are you going to cut it?"

"Up to that knot."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Five dollars."

"I won't give it."

"Well, if you don't somebody else will."

As old Farmer P. was working away, sure enough a stranger did come along, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Good morning, sir," said the stranger.

"A mill post," replied the Farmer.

"How far is it down to the corner?"

"Up to that knot."

"You don't understand me, how far is it down to that corner?"

"Five dollars."

"You old scamp! I have a good mind to give you a whipping!"

"Well, if you don't somebody else will!"

HINTS TO SKATERS.—Encase in a double and single-breasted overcoat, fur mufflers, fur collar, fur cap, with goat's ears, worsted mittens, fur gloves, two pairs of socks, fur boots, and be careful to choose skates with straps that will not hurt tender feet. If the wind is blowing, carry a mask (one for sixpence can be bought at any of the toy stores) and line it with raw beefsteak, to save the complexion. Don't cut any pigeonwings, and don't skate fast. It isn't graceful nor gentlemanly, and is apt to overheat the blood, and result in a cold in the head, which is very vulgar and unbecoming. Don't stoop with your head down. It may cause vertigo, or a somersault, in case an awkward skater came up suddenly behind you. Young gentlemen need not trouble themselves to be polite when skating—in fact, politeness is an impossibility, if they are properly muffed up about the face and ears. Tumble over all the little girls who are trying to learn, without any compunctions of conscience, and gently swear at them for not getting out of the way. Don't skate long without paying a visit to the bar-room, and getting a "refresher